

the stanford

CHAPARRAL



Turkey's Revenge Issue!

MacKinnon

Wouldn't you like to have:

Convinced someone that there was really a chance for a new liquor policy on campus?
Proven that the design for the Space Needle had been stolen from an old manuscript of Leonardo da Vinci?
Proven that the Sabin oral vaccine caused acne?
Invented Thalidomide?
Helped build the Berlin Wall?
Messed up Jacqueline Kennedy's coiffeur just before she met General DeGaulle?
Helped write the New York State public school prayer?
Anonymously sent Audrey Hepburn a padded bra on her last birthday?
Been Joe Dimaggio when a reporter asked him what Marilyn Monroe represented when she was alive?
Been God when George Romney sought divine guidance on his candidacy for the Michigan governorship?
Forgotten the cure for cancer?
Anonymously sent Caroline Kennedy a razor-sharp hula hoop on her last birthday?
Been the first to tell Billy Sol Estes Senior that his son was a crook?
By some incredible fluke have been elected Pope in 1958?
Anonymously sent Pat Nixon a stylish dress on her last birthday?
Publicly corrected William Buckley on a persistent grammatical error?
Dug up a juicy tidbit on Albert Schweitzer?
Discovered an awesome military use for water?
Anonymously sent Ricky Nelson a tube of Clerasil on his last birthday?

You would?!? Hey! Let's form a club and call it C*H*A*P*P*I*E

Well, what happens when a person becomes a Chappie? First, he (she) becomes part of a select campus group devoted to the Good Life.

Second, he becomes a molder of public opinion, and social critic. Throngs of admirers follow him around.

Third, he becomes tired. This is partly because of a large academic load (Chappies, being smarter and more creative just naturally carry more units), but mostly this is due to the social life of unparalleled magnitude to which the Chappie accedes.

So . . . consider this an invitation to drop by the office. The Old One will be on hand at an open house this Friday from about two on in the afternoon. Come by then or anytime. We're located catty-corner from the Press. Or phone DA 1-2300, extension 2400.





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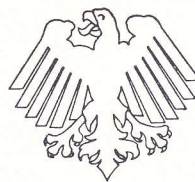
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Seated in her living room, the young mother heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her little boy, she called:

"I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you."

There was a pause for a moment, then a strange voice answered cautiously, "I'm sorry, but I ain't your regular milkman."



Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the second. "I'm a titmouse."



And then there was the dog who saw the sign "Wet Paint" on the bench—so he did.



The Texan and his wife, attending an oilmen's convention, were in their hotel room, dressing. The wife suddenly discovered she had left her girdle at home and sent her husband out to buy a replacement. He walked in to a lingerie store and told the clerk what he wanted. "Do you wanna Playtex?"

"Not now—just give me the girdle."



A bum was quietly sleeping in a city park when the keeper of the nearby zoo came up and asked him if he wanted to earn some easy money. "Not if it involves work," the bum replied doubtfully.

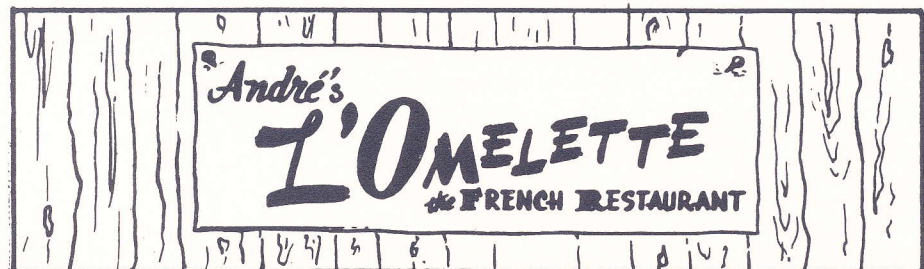
"I'll explain the situation. Our gorilla died last night. This morning, 300 kids are coming. We can't disappoint them—just get into a monkey suit and climb into that cage. You can't make the kids unhappy."

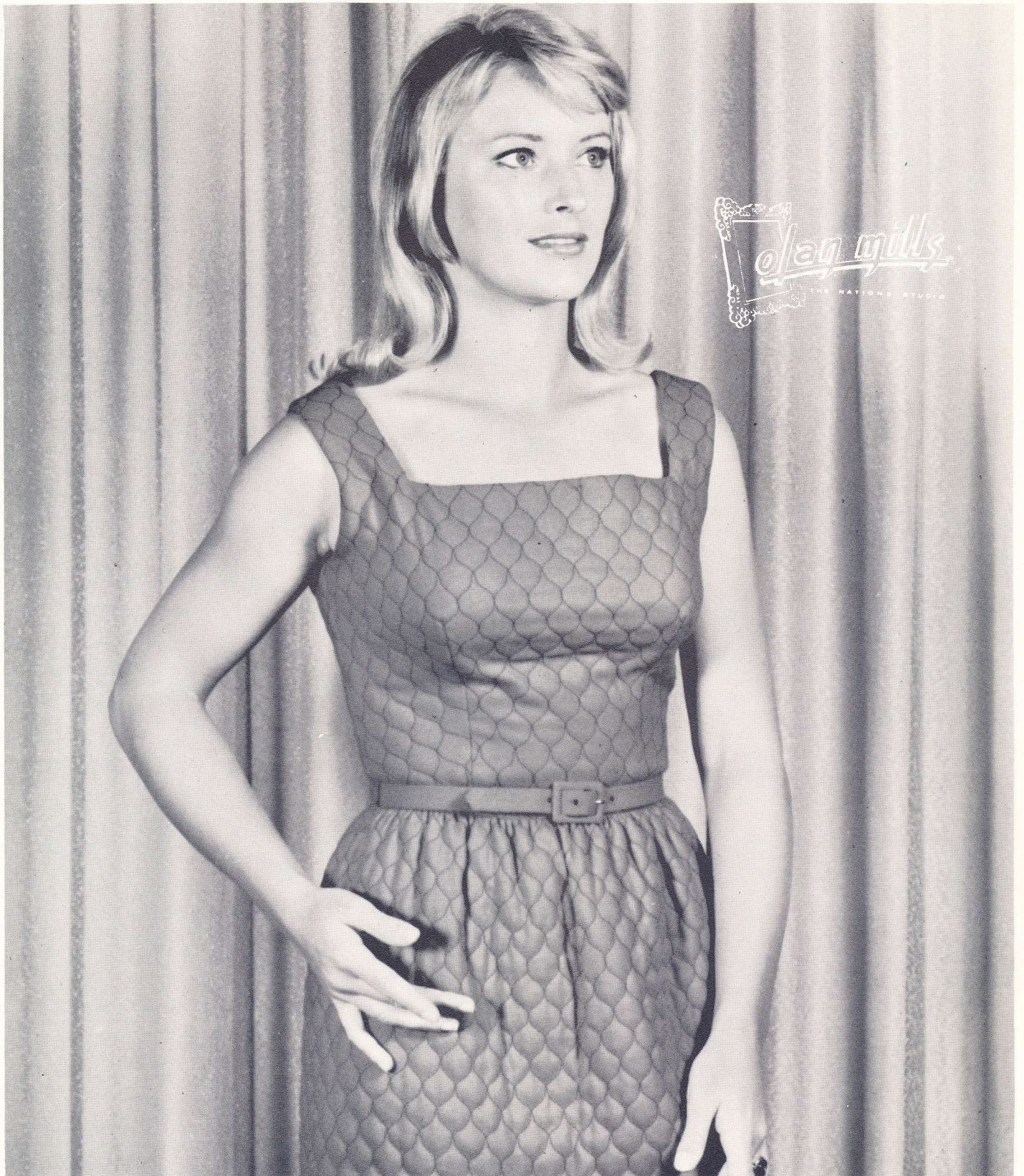
The bum agreed. He dressed and was let into the cage. After the children arrived, he decided to entertain them by swinging on his little trapeze. He began actually to feel happy in his work. Such a worthy cause, and the kids were laughing and cheering. "WHEE... WHEE... WHEE..." back and forth he swung. Suddenly, the trapeze broke and he went flying into the lion's cage. "AAAAHHHH EEEE," he cried.

The lion answered, "Quiet you fool—you'll have us all out of work."



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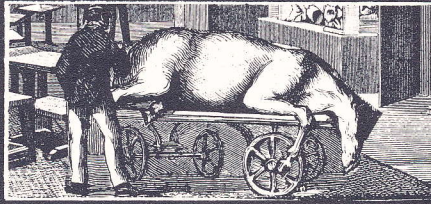
Sharon Main enjoys wearing her all-wool crepe quilted jumper by LANZ. Available in both red and black, this LANZ original can be worn either with or without the blouse. Sizes 6-13, \$22.95.

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the stanford CHAPARRAL

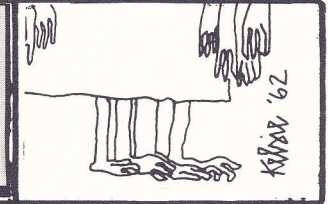
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The Chappies

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Women's Manager

NOW THAT another year is limping underway, it may be best to recap the outstanding news events of 1962 right now before we all forget them in the hurly burly of daily Stanford life. Recapping news events has in recent years become an event all unto itself, as important, say, as the State of the Union Message, or observing the birth of the Christ child. This is because it saves newspaper editors the onerous task of thinking up the news during the busy holiday season when they, like any other group of kindly American bohunks, want to be out chopping the Yule log and sprinkling holly berries where they will do the most harm. (Yes, it is true that most news doesn't happen, but has to be created by hard working city editors and imaginative rewrite men. Left to themselves, Kennedy and Khrushchev couldn't generate enough crises to fill the philosophy section of the San Francisco Chronicle.)

Just what were the BIG stories of 1962, the stories that grabbed America by the throat, by the heartstrings, by the guts, and said "Listen to me, buster, I'm News!"? Fortunately, there weren't any stories like that, or none of us would be sitting around here today, smoking hasheesh and trying to appear ineligible for the draft. In their place came hundreds of little stories, local color, human interest, junk. "The fabric of America is the cheesecloth of its people," said William Randolph Hearst. Here then are the stories you made, America, the stories you lived and made great:

"In San Jose, California, a middle-aged man forced his way into the home of two elderly spinsters, tied the 78-year-old lady to the davenport, and made her watch while he repeatedly raped the 71-year-old on the kitchen floor, all the while bragging of his prowess." That's San Jose for you. A reprehensible cad, it's true, but you can't help admire his Joie-de-vivre.

"When Billy DePaul lost his right thumb in a biking accident, his quick-thinking family doctor amputated Billy's big toe and affixed it to the hand. The new 'Thumb' is now working perfectly. The only difficulty is a cosmetic one. It still looks like a big toe." Once again American Medical Science is on the march. Billy DePaul now lives a perfectly normal life, except that he is no longer able to hitchhike.

Well, there they are, the outstanding news stories of 1962. There's only two of them, but then 1962 was sort of a punk year for news.

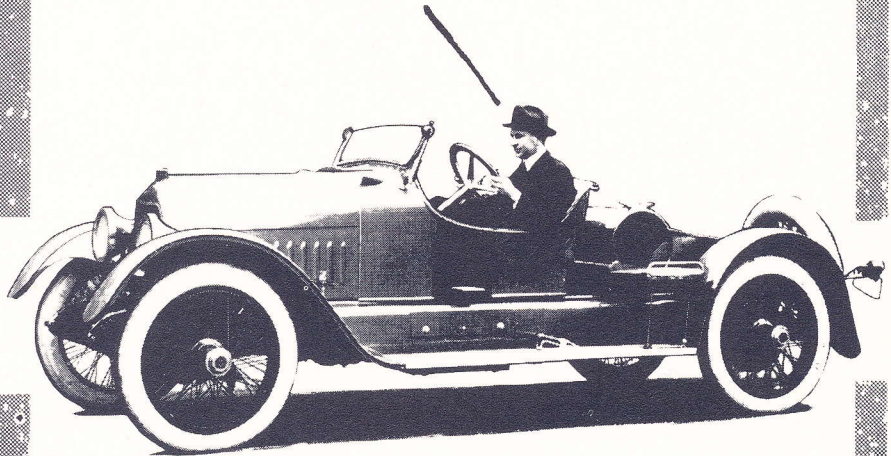
IT'S AWARD TIME AGAIN!

Each year the Stanford Chaparral takes pride in presenting a series of awards designed to spur unusual activity on the Stanford campus. (Last year they were so successful we had to run a second series of awards designed to discourage unusual activity on the Stanford campus. Those activities were getting pretty unusual!) The Awards:

THE MAYNARD PARKER MEMORIAL AWARD—Awarded daily to that member of the Stanford Daily staff who writes the least bad editorial. To Nils Wessel for his unforgettable "El Palo Alto, a mighty big tree."

THE LELAND STANFORD SENIOR ALL - THE - TRAFFIC - WILL - BEAR AWARD—Awarded annually to that member of the Stanford community who best exemplifies the spirit of free enterprise. Winner 1962: J.

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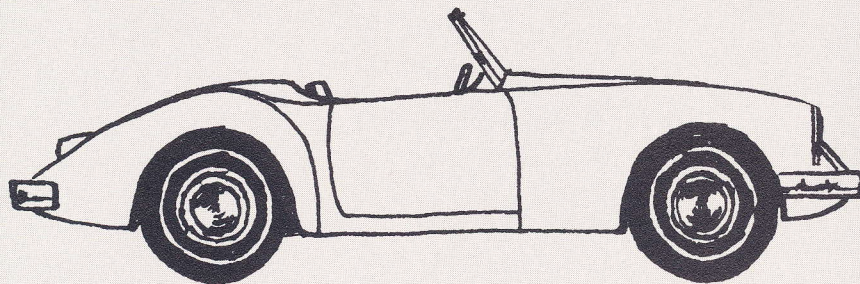
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Wally "Wallace" Sterling, for his magnificent \$200 tuition raise a full two years ahead of schedule.

THE FRED NELSON MEMORIAL AWARD—\$10,000 in cash to every member of the Stanford student body attaining a GPA over 1.00 sometime during his academic career. No awards this year, Fred isn't dead yet. **THE ED CUTTER MEMORIAL AWARD TO ENCOURAGE LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE**—Winner 1962: James "Jimmy" Woolsey. Citation: Your timely points of order, points of inquiry, and points of personal hygiene won many an important LASSU battle for the Administration. You are cut from the same mold as Ed Cutter and Jock McBaine. **THE BILOXI MISSISSIPPI POLICE HONESTY AWARD**—Awarded annually to that member of the Stanford police force who does the most to advance American jurisprudence. To Chief Gordon Davis for his memorable statement, "There is no place on the Stanford police department for a crooked cop," thus raising the question "just where is there a place for a crooked cop if not on the Stanford Police Department?"

THE WILLIAM KARTOZIAN AWARD FOR THE BEST IMPROMPTU CHEER OF THE YEAR. Winner 1962: Jerry Schaeffer, president of Rally Com, for his often heard "Aw Christ don't throw the cards you guys" yell. It will ring in our hearts forever, Jerry.

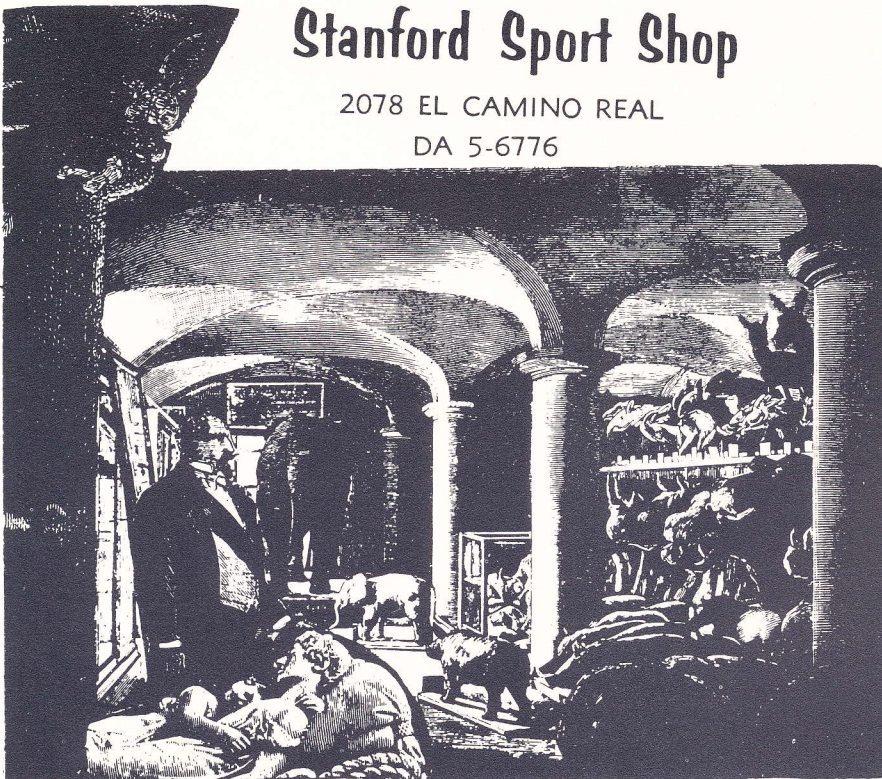
—The Old Boy



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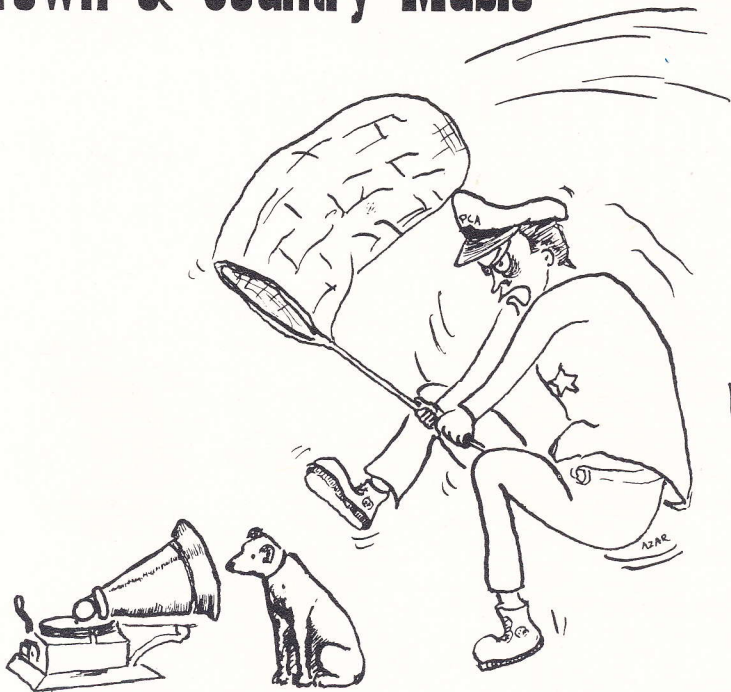
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BIB 'N' TUCKER



I was sleepily shooting holes in the door of my office when she came in. "Mr. Sharp?" she asked.

"Dirk Sharp, that's me," I grinned encouragingly at her, noticing her breast heave violently at the sight of the even white teeth in my craggy jaw. It was a magnificent breast she had; ripely, voluptuously full. And another to match. The rest of her was magnificent too. She was pure dynamite, with a build that made Jayne Mansfield look like a chewed-on pencil; my corpuscles crowded up behind my eyes for a better look.

"Mr. Sharp," she said, "You've got to help me!" Tears appeared in her huge green eyes, from which passion flamed with the heat of a hydrogen bomb. "Someone has killed my—"

"Call me Dirk," I grinned at her. If there's one thing I've got, it's a line.

—” “Okay okay,” she said. “Look. My brother—he’s been

“Here,” I said. “Why don’t you sit down.” Without taking my feet off the desk, I slid a chair to her. I call it the hot seat—because of all the flaming dames it’s held.

“I’m trying to tell you,” she went on, sliding her chair away as I got up and tried to sit on her lap, “that my brother has been murdered.”

Alarm bells went off in my head. Roman candles exploded. I leaped atop the desk. Killing is my Cup of Tea. I’d rather crack a tough murder case than anything in the world, except making time with a well-filled dish—and usually that can be arranged, because Dames and Death go together.

“All right,” I said, assuming immediately a businesslike tone. I searched in my desk for a pen, or pencil, or paper, then gave it up. “Let’s get down to brass tacks. Will you start by describing the murderer—height, weight, distinguishing scars, missing limbs . . .”

“Mr. Shar—Dirk,” she said, “that’s what I came to you for. I don’t know the murderer.”

“Strange,” I murmured. “Do go on.”

“Well,” she said, “I want you to find him.”

“He’s not a complete stranger?” I said. “Maybe a forgotten uncle?”

“My brother just disappeared,” she sobbed, breaking into tears. They coursed down her alabaster cheeks. Gently I wiped them away with my lips. Her arms flew around my neck, her breasts were hard against me, and her lips responded to mine with spasms of fiery passion. It was then I knew that I had a tigress on my hands.

After delicious minutes of ecstasy, I broke away from her. “Do you have a Japanese gardener?” I asked.

She looked at me. “Why, no.”

“And no butler, of course.”

She shook her head.

“Well, don’t worry about it,” I reassured her. “I’m not baffled yet.” I thought a moment.

“Did your brother have any enemies?” I asked—“goons, toughs, underworld chieftains?”

“Frank?” she exclaimed. “Oh, no! Frank was a good boy. Considerate, gentle, cleanly in his personal habits.”

“Umm” I murmured, sucking reflectively on a bullet. “What line was Frank in, Miss—Miss . . .”

“Sweet,” she replied. “Vera Sweet. Frank ran a hotel for girls. He never took me there, but he always said he was doing well.”

“Yes,” I said simply. “Yes indeed.” I’ve been around.

I questioned her further, and then, after a long good-bye I was alone. Wiping the lipstick from inside my ear, I sat down to think. There were complications in the case. The exiled South American dictator, the opened grave, the Christmas card with “Nixon” scrawled across the back, that robed man with the lantern, and the green monkey—the pieces didn’t fit together yet. There was something missing.

The door to my office opened. “Excuse please,” the withered Mexican hunchback said. “You rike I crean room now or rater?”

“Go on ahead, Jose,” I waved him in. I liked Jose, crippled weakling though he was. I’ve taken with a smile and a wink the most vicious beating Caliphs of Crime can dish out, but I guess at bottom I’m just an old softie.

“How’s things, Jose?” I asked heartily.

“Not so good, Mr. Dirk Sir. I having operation.”

I thought a moment, then let fly. “That’s the difference between us, Jose,” I said. “You have operations, and I’m an operator!”

I waited for his laugh, then sauntered out, dropping a silver dollar in his cupped palm as I went by.

I went to the address Vera had given me for Frank’s hotel. The door opened to my knock, and bang! my jaw dropped in admiration. The dame must have been six and a half feet tall, from her exquisite bare toes to her oatmeal-colored hair that swept down like spring freshets from the mountains. Six feet six, and every inch sizzling with sex. The kind of broad that sets firecrackers off inside your skull.

“We ain’t open till tonight,” she said.

I braced my shoulder against the door she was trying to shut and said coldly, “It’s open for me, sister. I’m Dirk Sharp!”

I fell into the hallway as she eagerly released the door.

“You the guy about those chorus jobs in Vegas?”

“No, I’m the famous private eye. You know.”

“Private eye?”

“Yes. Dirk Sharp. All the outcasts of society, the lost and wayward, know me as a friend.”

“Yeah?” she said.

“Really.”

“Oh.”

“I’m here about Frank Sweet,” I said, running my fingers experimentally over her body.

Her face went white. Her eyes glassed. Her breath came fast. “I don’t know nothing,” she said quickly.

“Of course, of course, dear,” I whispered, pulling her lips to mine. They were fiery as a blowtorch, searing my nerves with crackling flames of delight. “You don’t know nothing,” I repeated softly as I stroked her. My nerves sizzled even hotter when she responded with a spasm of ecstasy.

I pulled away suddenly. With a hard voice I machine-gunned the words at her. “Where—is—Frank—Sweet?”

I felt a rod thrust in my ribs, and a voice like a gorilla’s said, “That’s an unhealthy question to ask around here, Sharp.” I turned. It was a gorilla. Or rather, the gorilla was holding the gun. The voice came from the small, dapper man next to him, patting his mouth with a scented handkerchief.

“I don’t believe we’ve met,” I said.

“This is Claude,” he motioned to the animal, who nodded distantly. “They call me Slasher.”

I tried a long shot. “You wouldn’t by any chance be Freddy (the Fop) French, wanted in Chicago for the 1937 axe murder of elderly widow Mrs. Edna Gans?”

Slasher’s smile tightened. “You ask too many questions. Take care of him, Claude.” I felt warm blood rush into my mouth as Claude’s hairy fist smashed into me with the impact of a frightened freight train. He seized my hand and bent the fingers back to the arm one by one. I gritted my teeth.

“Some day you’ll wish you hadn’t done that,” I told the animal. He made a move for my other hand, but Slasher stopped him.

“The Man wants him in one piece,” he said.

Suddenly the pieces began to fit. The Man—fabulously rich Crime Czar—so he was behind it. The Man and I had met before, when I put his Nationwide Dope Ring out of business. This time I vowed I’d finish him for good.

They blindfolded me and we drove in circles for what seemed like hours. They underestimated my ingenuity. By the sound of the wheels on the pavement, the angle of the sun’s heat on my face, and by the bread crumbs I surreptitiously strewed out of the window, I knew I could find my way back to The Man’s lair.

They called him the Adolphe Menjou of Crime. The best plastic surgeons money could buy had done a wonderful job on the bullet holes, and only a black eye-patch betrayed the violent nature of his early career. A jade toothpick dangled indolently from a corner of his mouth.

“So, Sharp,” he purred, hefting a diamond paperweight the size of a baseball, “we meet again.”

With my fists hard, I told him, "I'll see you behind bars this time!"

"You can't scare me."

"It's scum like you that spoil the world for decent folks," I riposted.

Hate glared out of his little pig eyes.

I went on. "Life," I said, "is like a hummingbird. With light abandon it spreads its merry song on the winds of summer, gladdening the hearts of laughing, barefoot children. And you—you come along, and grasp it in your calloused fist, and choke the precious life from it, and grind it into the dust under the hard heel of oppression."

A tear trickled down his face and out to the end of his lower lip, hung, then dropped. His face worked. Then the evil glitter returned to his eyes.

"I know your game, Sharp," he snarled. "You're trying to make a sucker out of me." He threw a beaker of acid in my face. I spat it back. He hammered on the bridge of my nose with his diamond paperweight while Claude pinioned my arms, then cracked my kneecaps. I gritted my teeth. Mangling and Mayhem are all in a day's work.

"That's just a sample," he murmured. "Get your fingers out of the Sweet case. Lay off."

I was about to assure him I couldn't be intimidated, when I found the gorilla's hand in my mouth.

"Just forget Frank Sweet ever existed," The Man warned.

Bells went off in my head. Little flashes of light churned around, then grouped themselves into the word "WOW." I knew what had happened to Frank Sweet. Suddenly all the pieces fit.

I turned to The Man. "You don't happen to know a green monkey, do you?"

He looked at me.

I shrugged. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter." I tensed my

rock-hard muscles, then leaped to a corner of the room. In my hand there appeared the ugly snout of the miniature revolver Slasher's search had missed.

"Okay, boys," I growled. "This is the end of the line."

"Well," I turned to Claude, "I told you you'd be sorry." With a short, murderous right I felled him, then ground my shoe into his pleading face. I heard something crack.

"No one," I said pleasantly, "fools around with me and gets away with it."

He made no reply.

Keeping them covered, I phoned the police. "Hello, Mac, this is Sharp. Got some birds for your coop. . . . I know, Mac, but the cops are too slow. Me, I'm out to get my man, and I don't care who I have to step on to do it. I'm a lone wolf. . . . Okay, Mac, you can have the next one. Just meet me at my office on the double."

I herded The Man, Slasher, and Claude into the car and headed toward my office. At the door to the building we met Vera.

"Come on up, Baby, I've got a surprise for you." I swept her along.

We passed Jose sweeping in the corridor. "Follow me," I told him.

The cops were waiting in the office. "You better make this good, Sharp," Mac told me, prodding my stomach with his club. "The Man can nail you to the wall for false arrest."

The heat was on me. Icicles ran with little cat feet up and down my spine. My hands were sweaty.

I turned to Jose. "You know these goons?" I gestured at The Man, Slasher, and Claude. The animal stared stolidly at the floor.

"Never in my rife," Jose said. I stepped up suddenly and yanked at his nose. To my relief, it came away, revealing beneath . . .

"Frank!" cried Vera.

"Vera!" He unbent, revealing the burly six-foot frame of a former football star. They flew into each other's arms, and while they exchanged tender endearments I explained to the open-mouthed cops how I had done it again. "It's really nothing," I blushed modestly. "The Man was trying to muscle in on Frank's operation, and Frank had to hide out or be rubbed out. The blue parrot was really the signal between the man with the scar and the murdered pastry cook, and all the time that we thought the German industrialist was sending mysterious radio signals out of Little Rock, he was reporting back to the Dragon Empress in that grotto beneath the Caspian Sea."

Mac shook his head. "Sharp, I don't know how you do it. This case has had the police of three continents baffled. Well, I guess I'll take these mugs where they won't be leaving for a long, long time." Frank went with them, leaving me alone with Vera.

"Dirk," she said softly, "I don't know how I can ever thank you."

My eyes explored her body. It was all the pleasures of earth—nectar and ambrosia and nirvana and the tree of everlasting bliss all rolled up into one. I licked my lips.

She lowered her eyes. "I really mean it, Dirk." Her breasts strained against her low-cut dress.

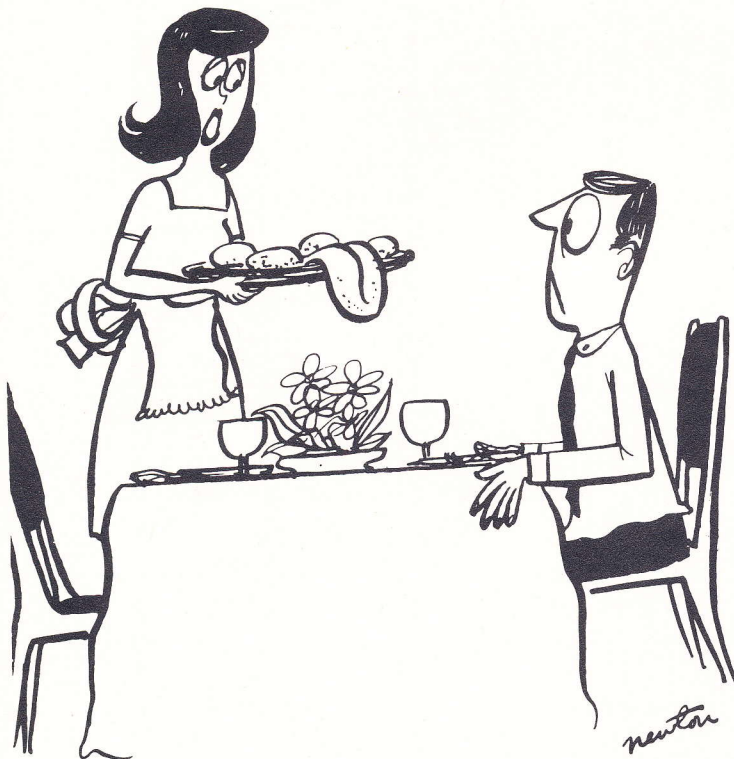
"Oh," I whispered, "there are ways."

She moved toward me, her eyes closed with dark lashes, her body swaying like a charmed cobra. "Ummm?" she purred.

I seized her head in my hands and stared into the limpid pools of her eyes. "Vera, Baby, I'm a guy and you're a doll—" I ripped her dress to the waist—"and Somebody, Somebody, meant for us to find each other!"

I pulled her brutally against me. Her body was warm, squirming; it was as a thing alive.

"Oh, take me, take me," she moaned. I pulled her to the couch. And to think I once wanted to be a brain surgeon!



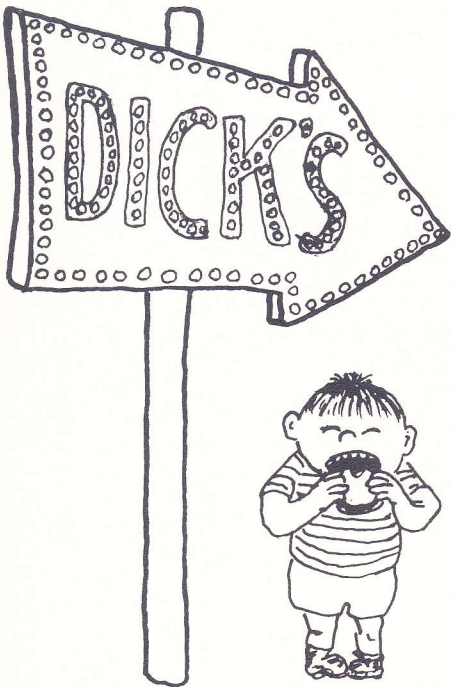
"But you said you loved tongue!"

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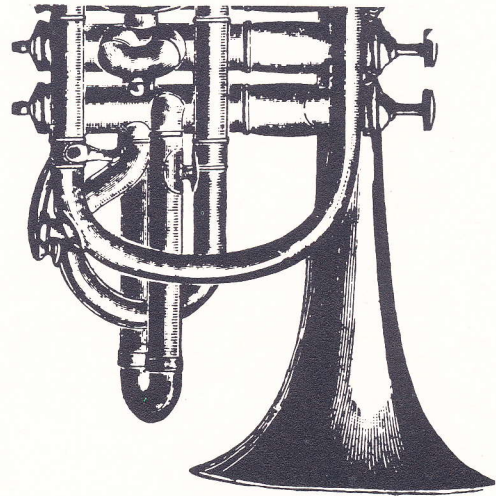
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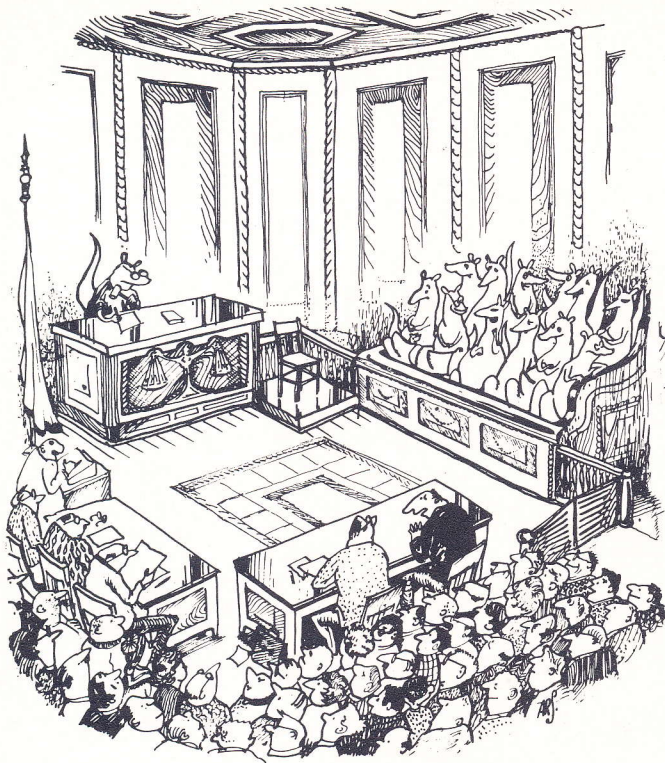


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"Somehow I have the feeling that this isn't going to be a very fair trial."



"This is the last time I ever go water skiing with you, Harry Potts!"



"Tom is writing a very Long novel."

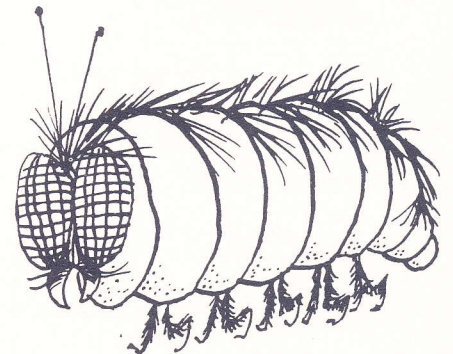


GOD

Nietzsche

Nietzsche is dead.

NAKASHIMA



Again we appreciate the effort you put into this fabrication. We are printing it in the next issue, again with appropriate comments.



He: "Are you free tonight?"
She: "No, but I'm inexpensive."



We know a young lady who is convinced her boy friend spends his evening taking a course in art.

"He called me up the other nite," she reported, "and I heard someone yelling in the background, "Draw another one, Smitty—and this time put a head on it!"



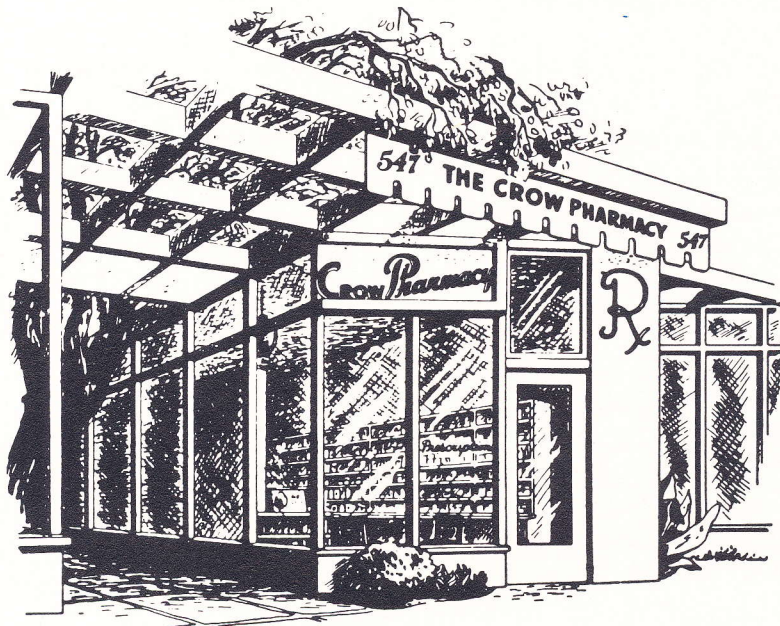
A pair of newly-weds went to a local hotel on their wedding night; the next morning the bride's closest girl friend telephoned to ask how married life agreed with her.

"Oh, Marge," she replied, "I'm so awfully, awfully tired. I didn't sleep a wink; all night long it was up and down; in and out; up and down; in and out! Don't ever get a room next to an elevator!"



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Brad Efron

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PROF. McKNABE: Hmph, careless indeed... *(he picks up the recumbent form and wafts it across the room)* this man weighs three pounds at the outset—I'll wager there's not an ounce of bone marrow left in his entire body!

LILA: No bone marrow!

INSPECTOR: No bone marrow? Cor! *(he wafts Jimmy back to the Professor with a flick of his riding crop).*

FLASH: Stone the bloody crows! *(he intercepts, and wafts the body out an open window with a fancy backhand shot.)*

PROF. McKNABE: Enough horseplay, gentlemen—I think that a comparison with laboratory records will show that the toe wounds could have been made by only one man—McFarland, the notorious bone-marrow murderer!

INSPECTOR: McFarland! Of course!

FLASH: McFarland! Stop those everlovin' presses, I gotta get to a telephone!

PROF. McKNABE: If you don't mind I think I'll be going home now, Inspector—the case of the bone-marrow murderer seems to be just about all wrapped up.

INSPECTOR: Yes—except for one telling flaw...

PROF. McKNABE: And what's that?

INSPECTOR: *(Very slowly)* McFarland's been dead for over one hundred and eighty years!

(there ensues a fifteen minute eye-popping head-swiveling silence.)

FLASH: *(Nervously)* Aw c'mon Doc, you're not going to fall for that bunch of horse feathers? No geezer what's been dead a hundred and eighty years can go around sucking the bone marrow out of living breathing ice-men!

McKNABE: *(Solemnly)* Young man, science has not yet begun to comprehend the awesome capabilities of the human brain. Would you drive me back to the Laboratory, Lila? I have quite a bit of research cut out for me this evening.

INSPECTOR: Cherrio, McKnabe, and don't take any wooden bone marrow.

McKNABE: Hmph.

(Midnight on the moors. We discover Lila Balcon slipping silently through the mists, guided by the beam of a lone penlight toward the sinister castle.)

LILA *(to herself)*: If I can solve this case by my lonesome, then Flash will have to realize that I'm more than just another dizzy blonde. Hmmmmm, maybe I can find another clew in Old McFarland's Laboratory.

EERIE ELECTRONIC VOICE: Lilllllllaaaaaa, Lilllllllaaaaaa...

LILA: Hark! That voice calling my name...it came from the coffin in the corner...I'll just slide back to the top and take a little peek-a-boo...

BRAIN: Wheep! Wheep! Wheep! Wheep!

LILA: Teeheeeeeeegahhhhh!

FLASH McCOLLUM: (*Bursting through the door, camera in hand*) This way Lila! Back you devil!!! (*he explodes flashbulb after flashbulb, driving the swollen brain back into its coffin and trapping it beneath the lid.*)

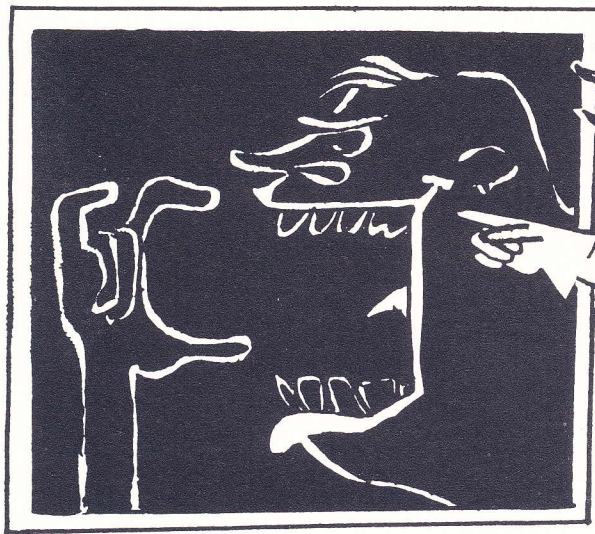
LILA (*sobbing*): Oh it was ghastly Flash, simply ghastly! (*She clings to his camera strap.*)

FLASH: We're safe for a moment—light is like death to these strange creatures that lurk in the limbo between life and the unknown!

LILA: Oh Flash, Flash, don't leave me! Don't ever leave me!

FLASH: (*hardboiled again*) Save the mush for later baby, unless you want to be a bone marrow breakfast for whatever in there (*shudder*). C'mon, let's skidaddle, I'm gonna get a story out of this yet!

(*Threatening "wheep wheep" from the coffin at fade-out. Next month: The Bone-Marrow monster attacks London! A mighty city paralyzed and terrified! Winston Churchill without bone marrow! Princess Margaret an empty shell!! An entire regiment of the Cold-stream guards sucked dry in a futile attempt to save Buckingham Palace! All this and more next month in chapter two of Return Of the Bone-Marrow Monster!*)



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The beautiful damsel was walking through the forest when she came upon an enormous white rat. He told her of the wicked witch, the spell, and the remedy. Next morning she awoke, and looking over, she discovered that the metamorphosis had not taken place. Quoth the rat, "Thou hast been RF'd."



"M'Lord! A maiden waits without."

"Without what?"

"Without food or clothing."

"Ah. Feed her, and bring her in."



Here lie the bones of Finnegan.

We buried him today.

He led the life of Riley,

While Riley was away.



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"I'll sit down and read," he thought. "Whoever heard of a drunk reading a book?"

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On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me to find a way out of here."

As he was praying, something dropped squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hands.

"Oh please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."

He held her tenderly in his arms as he inquired, "Darling, am I the first man you've even loved?"

"Yes, my sweet," she cooed. "All the rest were Cal students."



"Honey, I'd go through fire and water for you."

"Okay, make it fire. I'd rather have you hot than all wet."



During the holidays two students from the same town met back in the old burg.

"Say," said the first, "aren't you working your way through school?"

"Yes," replied the second. "I'm editor of the college newspaper, but don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm bootlegging gin."



Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate devil." The teacher reprimanded him for writing this, and made him stay after school for one hour. When Johnny got out of school that evening, all his friends were eagerly awaiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little tyke.

"I ain't sayin' nothing," Johnny replied, "except that it pays to advertise."



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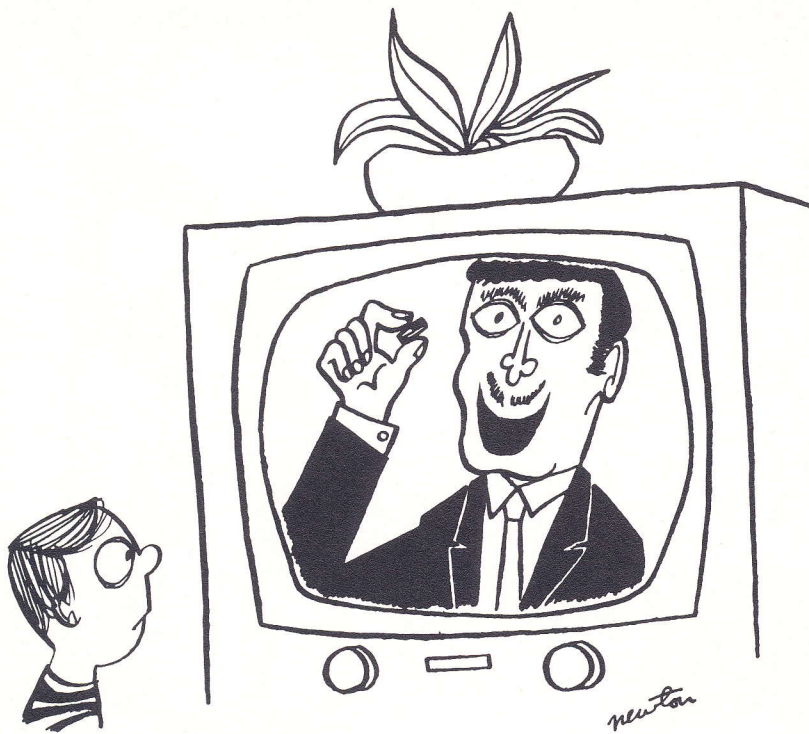
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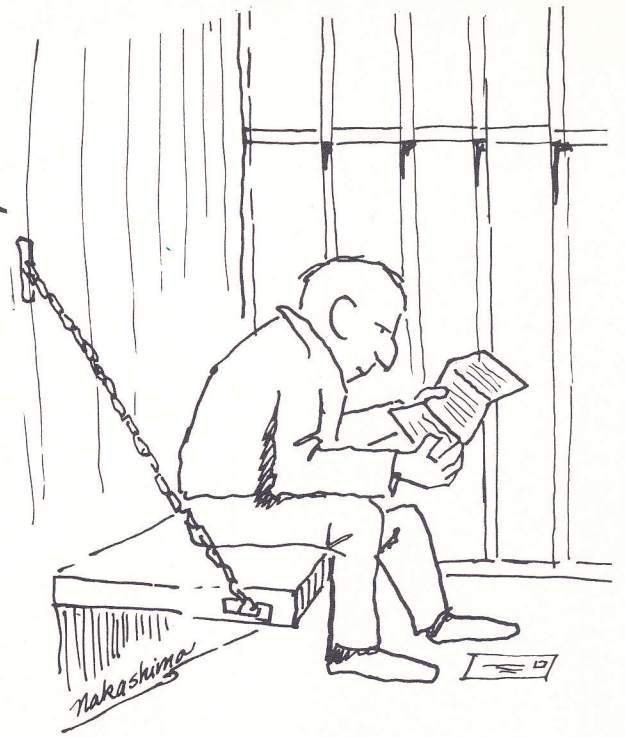
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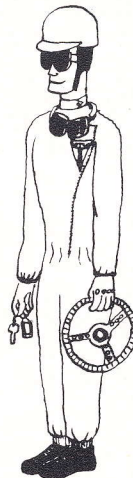
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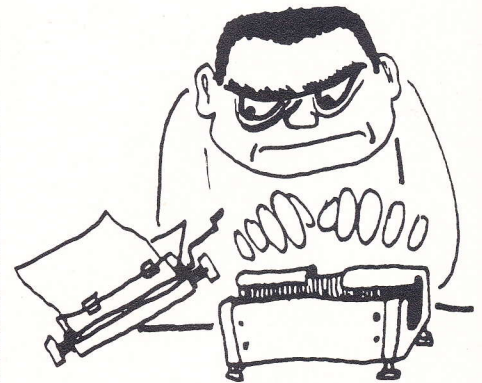
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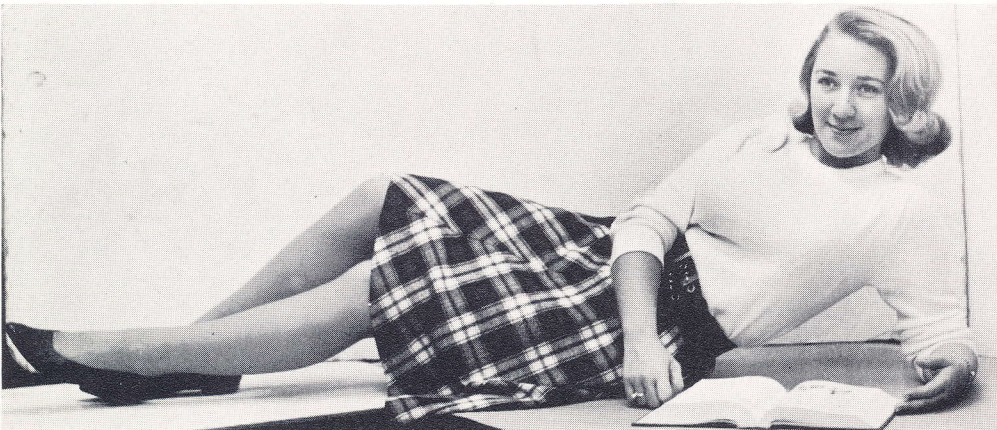
The "Belle Petite"
just back from
Stanford-in-France

Honors Humanities
gift to
bleary eyed
Stanford Students



BARBARA FRANKLIN

The state of the world these past months has been extremely disconcerting, and, as we've noticed over the holidays, has driven the best of us to drink. The "Old Boy," more sensitive than the rest of us, finds J.F.K.'s stand on "Cuber" and J. E. Wallace's tuition raise just too much. So, never one to face a crisis unprepared, he has selected Barbara as the gal he'd most like to find in his fallout shelter.



Photography by Jet Black

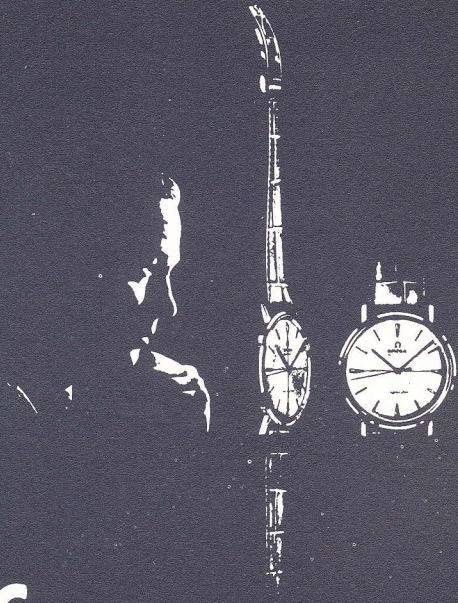
the old boy picks

BARBARA FRANKLIN





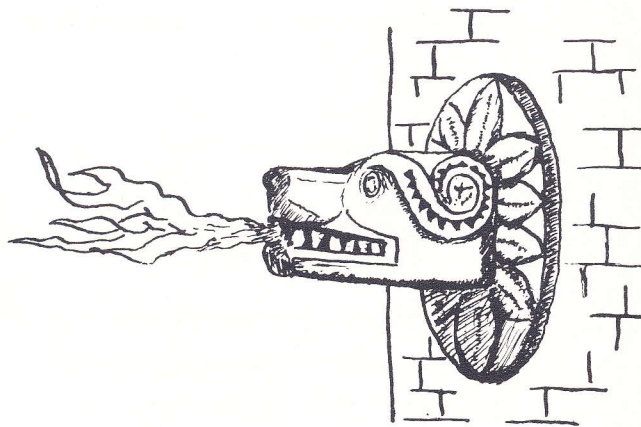
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REC 10/5/62

Saint Michael's Alley



The little man hadn't done very well by his beautiful wife. After four years of marriage he had not been able to earn enough to move out of his tenth-story cold water flat. One evening after climbing 190 stairs he opened the door to his room and found his wife in bed with a Charles Atlas type. He quivered and shook with anger.

"You get out of that bed!" he screamed. "Leave my wife alone!"

The adulterer looked at the size of his opponent. "Get out of the room, runt, before I throw you out."

The poor fellow knew he was out-matched, but before he left he cursed and said, "Just wait, I'll get even, I will."

The Charles Atlas type was not worried, for he was not married.

In the morning Charles awoke and found upon his chest an enormous boulder. "Aha," he thought, "is this what the runt meant by getting even?" With an enormous show of strength he lifted the boulder in his arms, carried it over to the window and heaved it out into the street.

As he leaned over to watch its descent he found a note tacked to the sill: "You have two seconds in which to untie the wire."

A divorce case was being heard in court. The grieved husband told the judge, "I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man."

"And what did she say when you surprised her?" asked the judge.

"That's what hurt me most," said the indignant husband. "She turns and says, 'Well look who's here. Old Blabber Mouth!—now the whole neighborhood will know'."

Keeble's

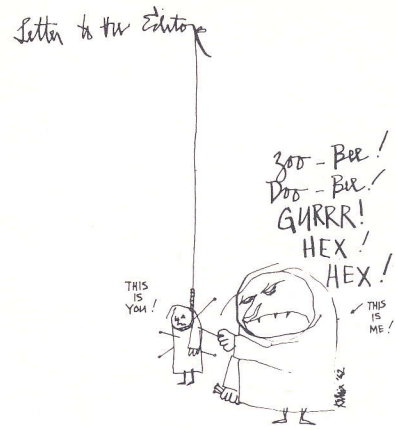
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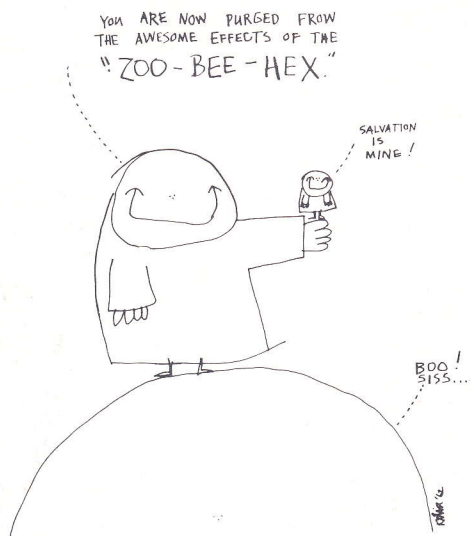
Town & Country Village

Kelsie



KELSIE HARDER has long been a source of much amusement to the Chappie staffers. So have his cartoons. Many is the hour we have spent giggling and slobbering inanely over his efforts. The rest of the staff insists that at this point there be a definite statement that we do not hunker around gibbering at Kelsies. We just feel like it.

At last our favorite schizophrenic artist is coming to Stanford. Though his hebephrenic doodlings have long defaced the Chappie's pages, we have never had to put up with his actual presence. Through the shrewd manipulation of our books, the business manager managed to squeeze enough out of non-extant profits to bring him here. He will be regally feted at a Crucify Kelsie party shortly after this issue's appearance.



:emmmmm

Holy Jumpin' Genghis Khan -
or suitable variations or deviations
thereof ...

As soon as I got the kookie
word that you Stanford morous
might coerce me to visit the
chappie - I decided to like
hide out - like anyone who likes
my kind of work is definitely
"some kind of nut" and must
therefore be avoided at all risks.
So, I am now hiding in my pup
tent, but since it is rather cold
outside I am hiding inside my

... BUT, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
THE ANSWER IS THAT:
THERE IS NO ANSWER-
THAT'S THE ANSWER!
BUT, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
THE ANSWER IS THAT:
THERE IS NO ANSWER-
THAT'S THE ANSWER!
BUT, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
THE ANSWER IS THAT:
THERE IS NO ANSWER-
THAT'S THE ANSWER!
BUT...



WAR IS PEACE.
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.

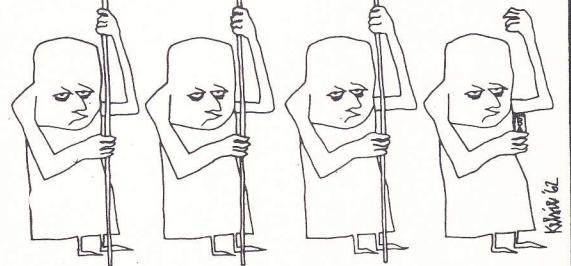
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HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA

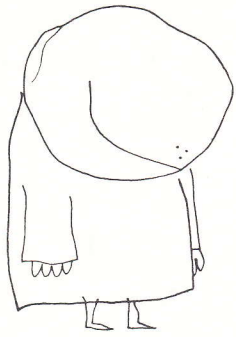


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THE
BOMB

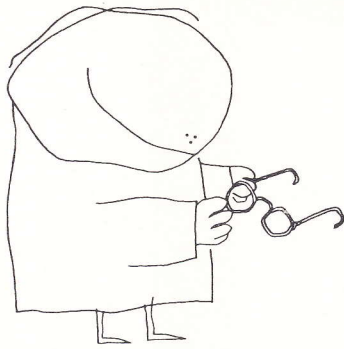
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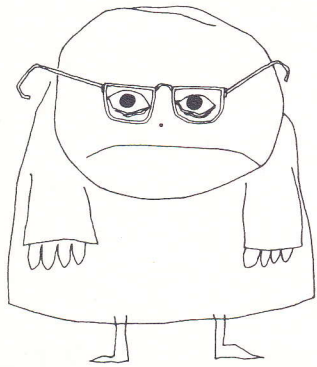
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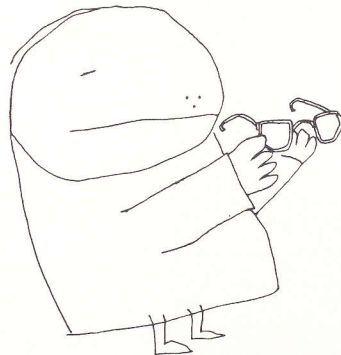
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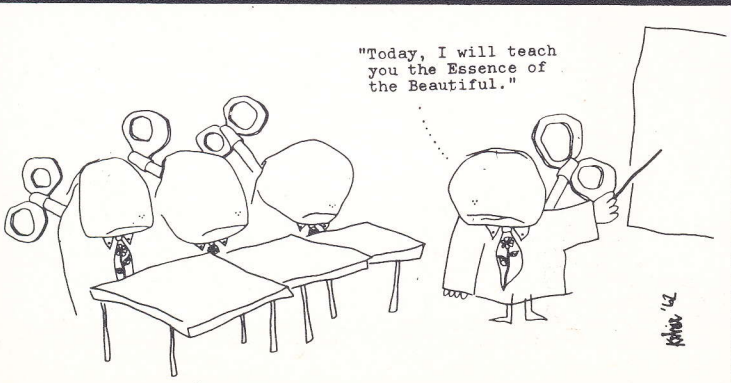


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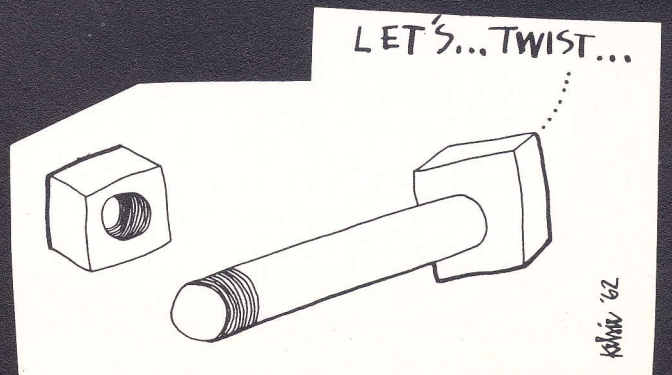
72 ANONY

6.



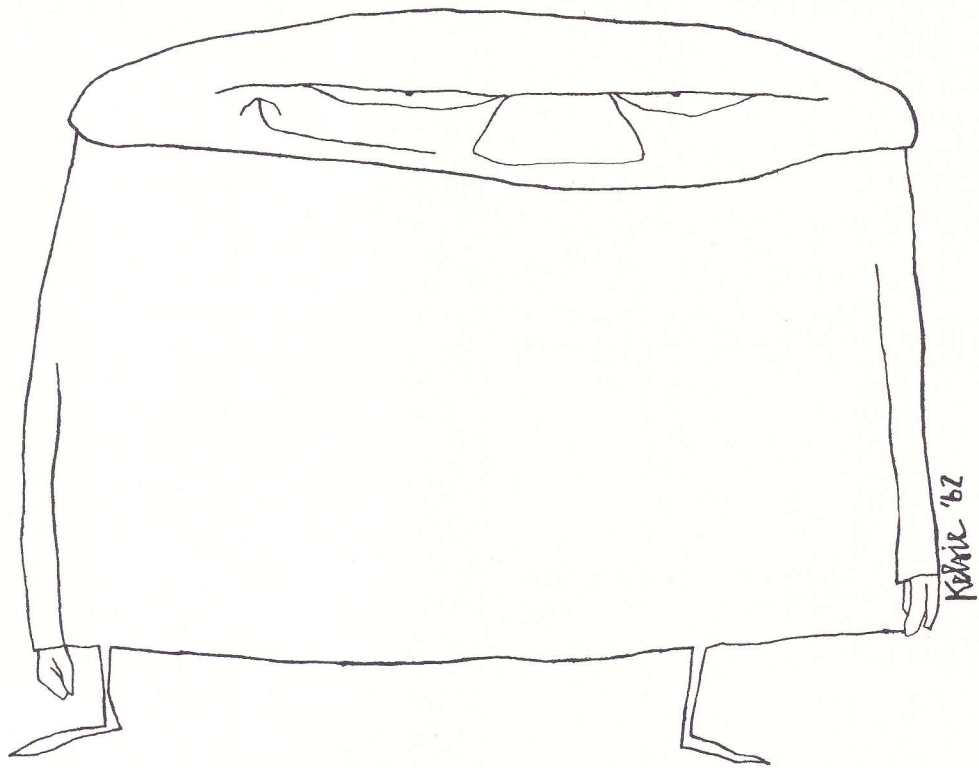
"Today, I will teach you the Essence of the Beautiful."

72 ANONY

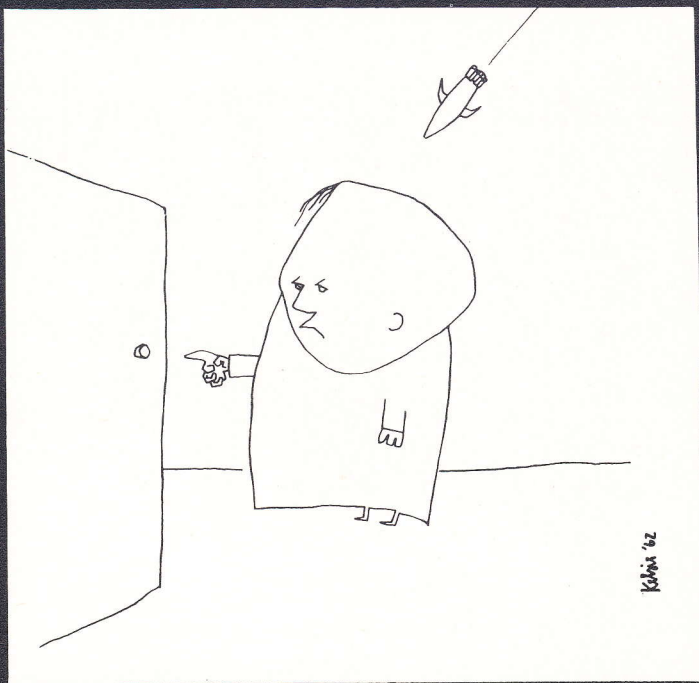


LET'S... TWIST...

72 ANONY



Let's twist again.





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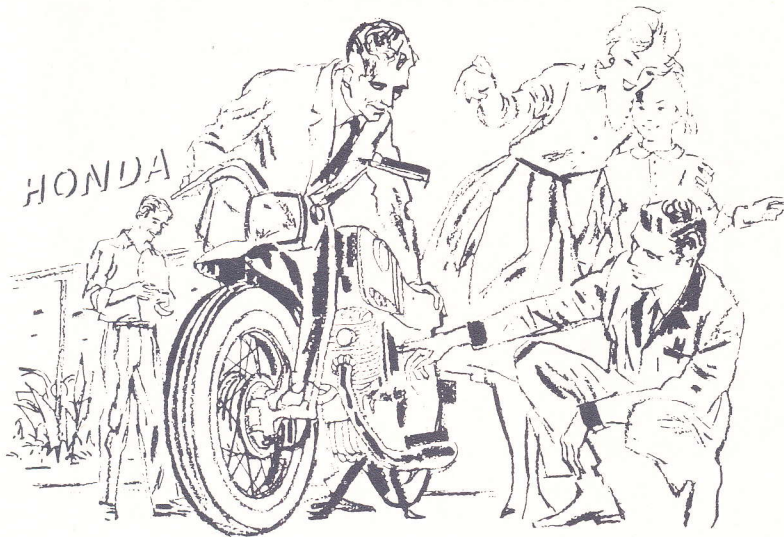
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kirk's

The beautiful damsel was walking through the forest when she came upon an enormous white rat. He told her of the wicked witch, the spell, and the remedy. Next morning she awoke, and looking over, she discovered that the metamorphosis had not taken place. Quoth the rat, "Thou hast been RF'd."



"M'Lord! A maiden waits without."
 "Without what?"
 "Without food or clothing."
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 We buried him today.
 He led the life of Riley,
 While Riley was away.



A fraternity man promised his girl he'd cut down on drinking. About to call for her one evening, he found he was a bit looped.

"I'll sit down and read," he thought. "Whoever heard of a drunk reading a book?"

His girl came down the stairs and walked into the living room. "What in the world are you trying to do?" she asked.

"Just reading," he replied happily. "You drunken bum," she yelled. "Close that suitcase and get out of here."



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He came home with some mighty funny looking scalps.



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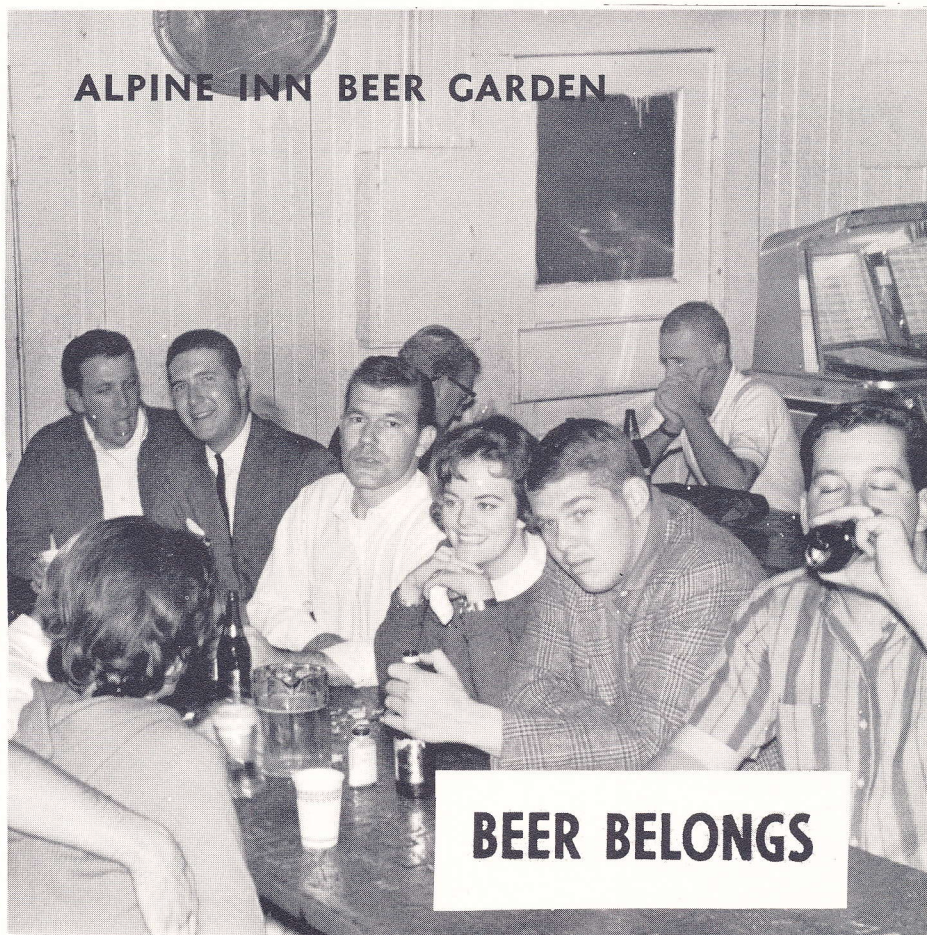
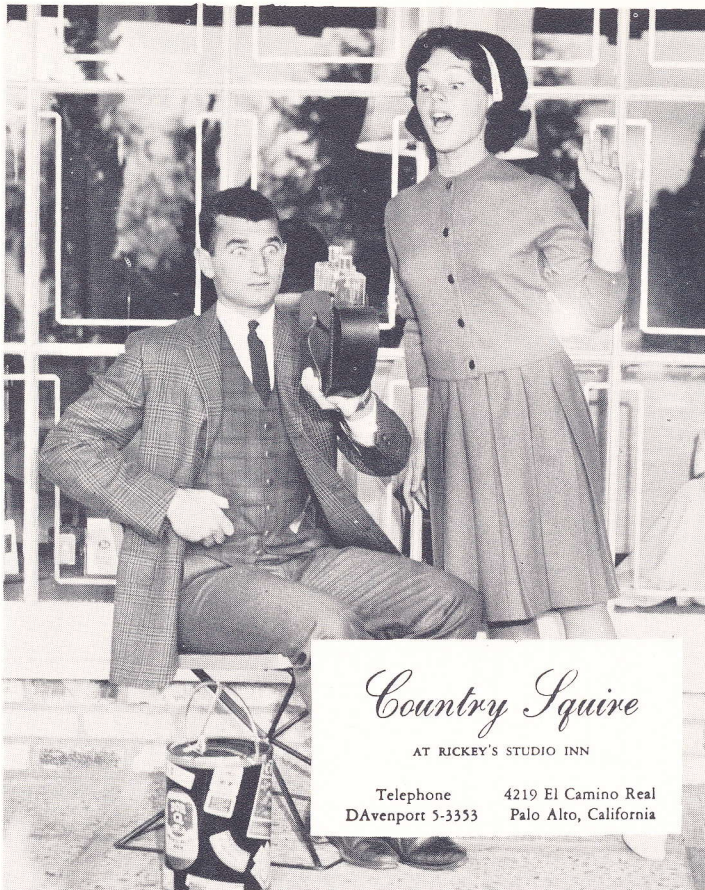


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"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me to find a way out of here."

As he was praying, something dropped squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hands.

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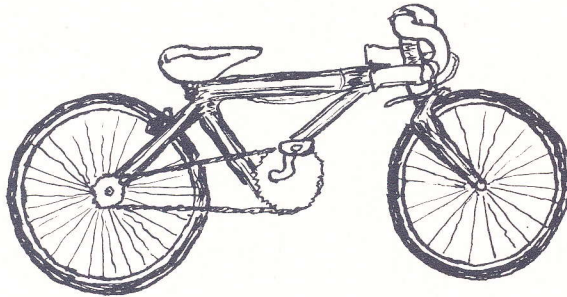


Bicycles vs. Pedestrians

by Brad Efron & Pete Steinhart



1: This is a pedestrian



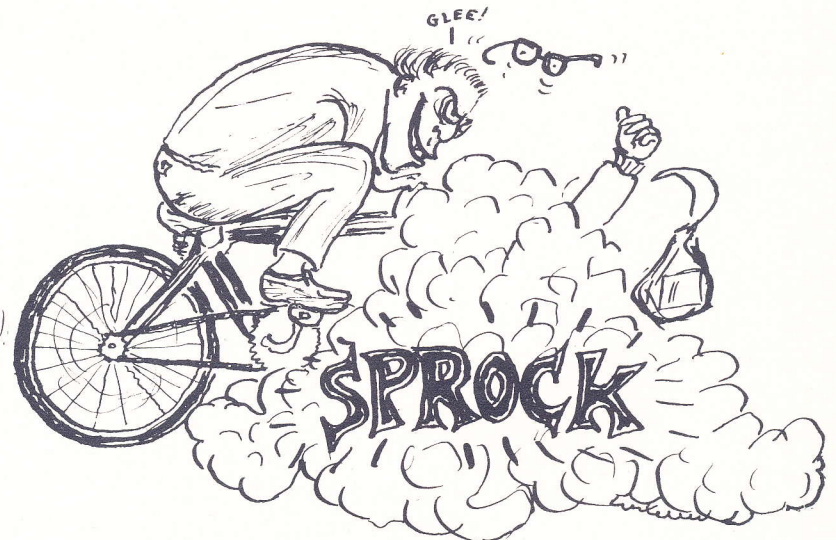
2: This is a bicycle



3: This is a bicycle rider



4: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle



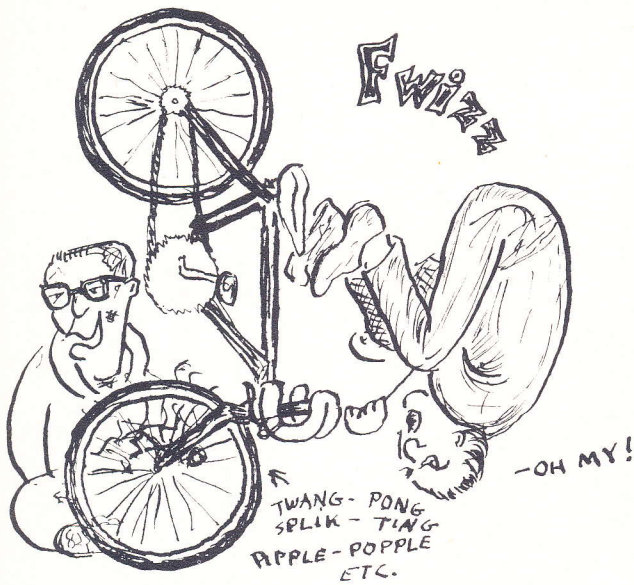
5: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle over a pedestrian



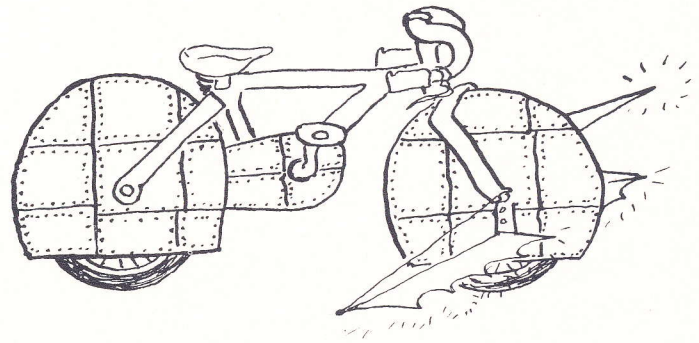
6: This is a stick



7: This is a pedestrian holding a stick



8: This is an effective anti-bicycle maneuver



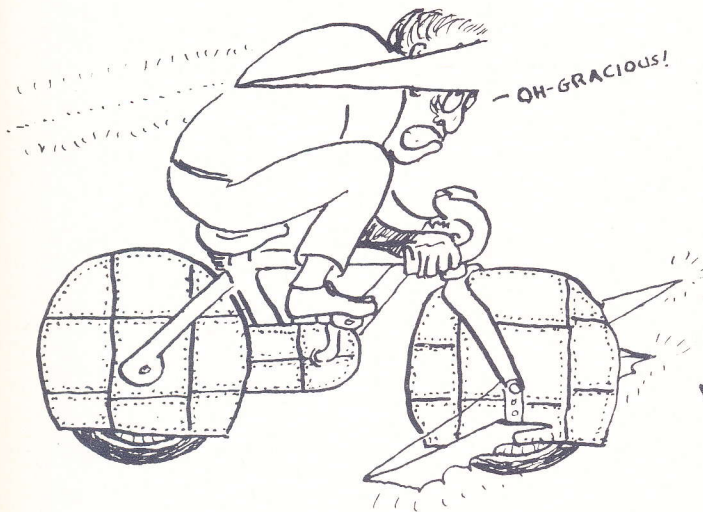
9: This is a stick-proof bicycle



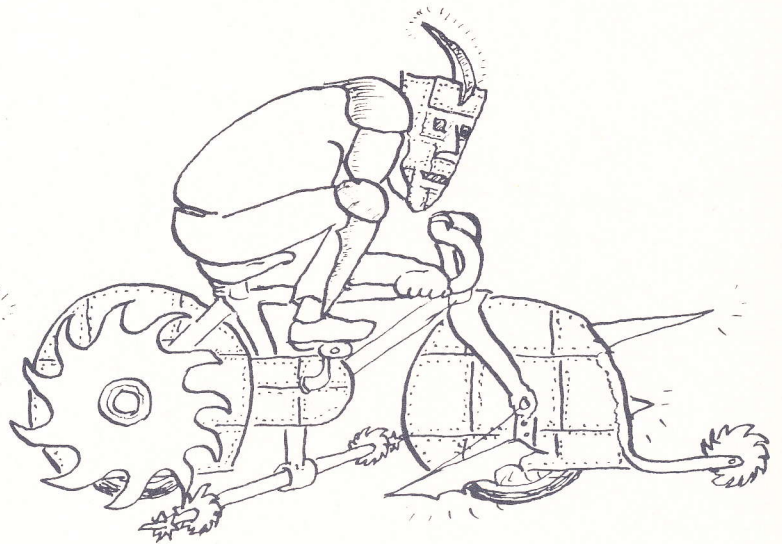
10: This is not a stick-proof-bicycle-proof pedestrian



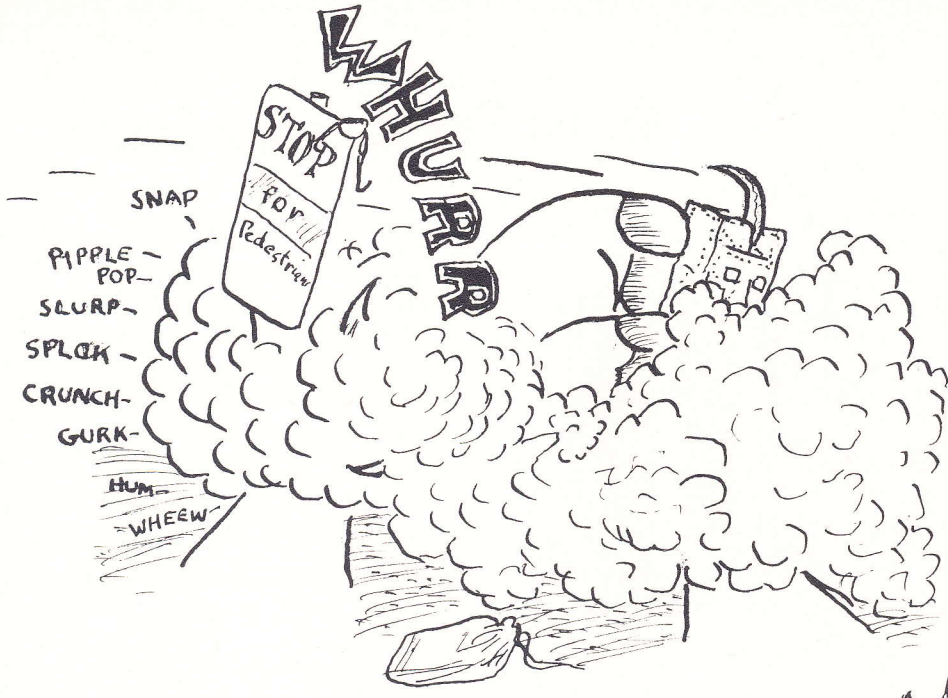
11: This is a razor-sharp neck-high wire, virtually invisible except when the light is right



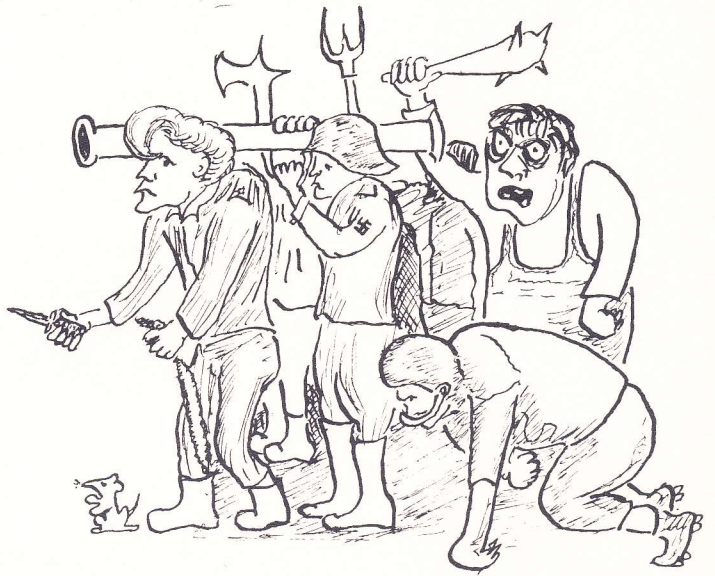
12: This is a nasty accident. The light wasn't right



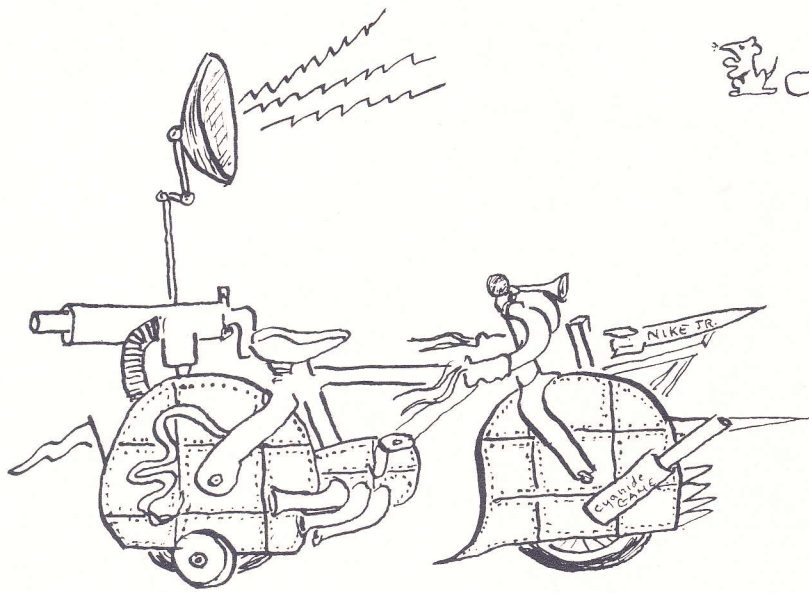
13: This is a razor-sharp-wire-proof bicycle rider riding a stick-proof bicycle with Ben-Hur attachments



14: This is a traffic safety crosswalk for the protection of pedestrians. Big Deal.



15: This is an anti-bicycle rat pack



16: This is a rat-pack-proof-razor-sharp-wire-proof stick-proof-magnetic-proof bicycle. It sells for \$8639.67 at the bookstore



17: This is 100-proof whiskey. What the hell's the hurry anyway?

Camino Cycle Center

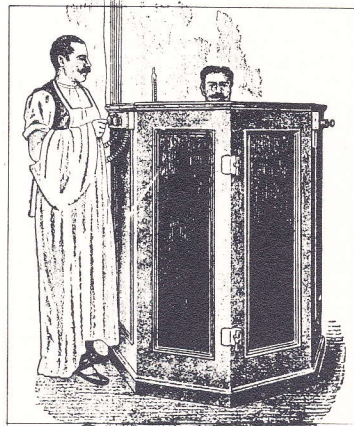


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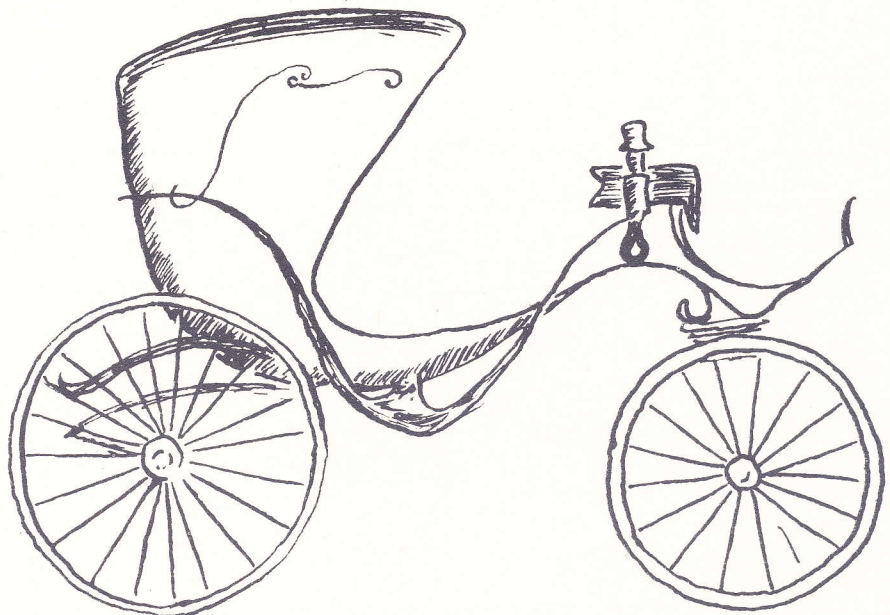
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By Claire Hartzell



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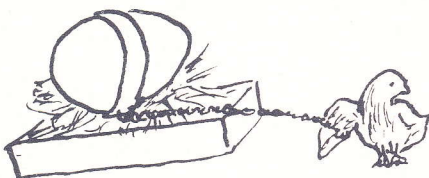
Cows: Sag in the bag? Be udderly beautiful
once more, with BEAST-O-BRA.

Elephants: Are you a pachyderm no longer
firm? Get the bra that will do the BIG job—
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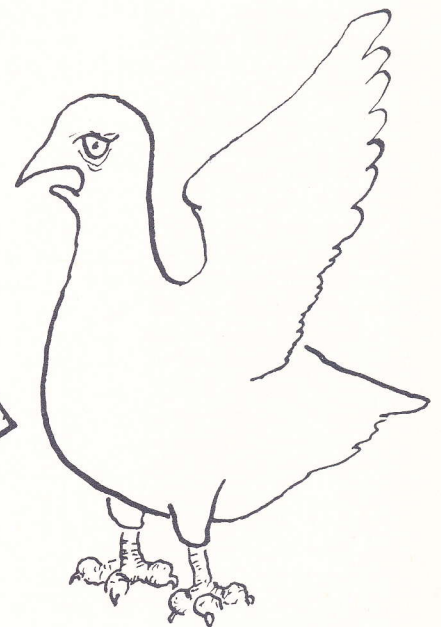
Primates: Ape without a shape? Chimp gone
limp? When they see you coming, do they
sing, "Swing low, sweet orangutan"? Then
you need BEAST-O-BRA.



DUMP NOT
BEST YE ALSO
BE DUMPED UPON.



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MOOM PITCHERS

JOHNNY AND THE BLOOD SLUG

This movie is ghastly enough to curdle the blood of Count Dracula. We were able to watch while the earth was invaded by internal parasites, but had to turn our eyes away several times when the autopsies being performed on the screen revealed that the corpse's liver had been reduced to a chocolaty mass by the dreaded blood slug. Though this may sound like meager fare for a four hour movie, there is hardly a dull moment, as the life cycle of the blood slug gradually unfolds. After destroying the livers of its first victims, the slug exists via the blood stream, releasing millions of eggs, which penetrate directly through the clothing of the next victim, appearing as small green patches on the shady parts of his body, from which they migrate directly to his ears. . . and at this point we had to leave. We wanted to stay and find out if the courageous doctor, who passes for a protagonist, would properly diagnose the green spots on his own body, but we had to find a mirror for ourselves.

• **GREASE.** Antonio Coloni, foremost of the nouveau vague avant garde, has done it again. In "Grease" he has created a captivating impression of the poly-saturated oils. There is no plot, dialogue, or action—only grease in all its myriad forms. Seething, bubbling, oozing grease. The film reaches its high point when mountainous waves of cascading grease comes boiling down the aisles, completely engulfing the audience. His handling of the Crisco sub-theme was particularly adept, though the uninitiated may find it difficult to appreciate. Our favorite scene, however, was one in which the high priced spread is shown to be the monster that it is.

• **DAVID AND LISA.** One of the best American movies we have ever seen. The story of a young nut, and a girl he meets in the loony-bin. This is one of the least expensive black and white movies ever made, and is still powerful, moving, and even humorous. Rating: fun for the whole nutty family.

• **THE LONGEST DAY.** An interesting experiment in cinema art. Can an audience maintain its sanity through three and a half solid hours of bloody combat photography? Worse yet, can any *real American* be expected to sit still and take it when Sal Mineo gets shot in the tummy by a dirty kraut? And what of Paratroop general John Wayne, so hard-boiled in this picture he is nearly solid? And how about Robert Mitchum, now cured of the reefer habit, whose only desire is to singlehandedly take Omaha Beach? This is the most expensive black-and-white movie ever made. Unless you wait two years, it will also be the most expensive one you ever go to. Wait.

Doc: O.K., Let's have a listen with the stethoscope. . . Hmmm. . . Big breaths.
Frosh Dolly: Yeth, and I'm only thixteen.

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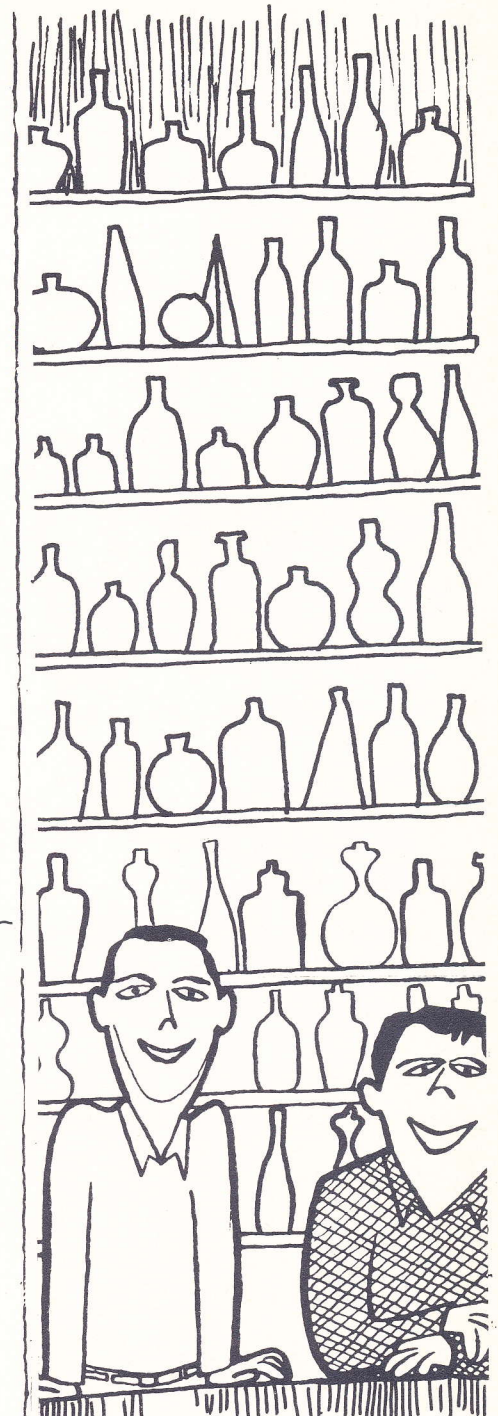
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ROLLY 'N' NORM'S

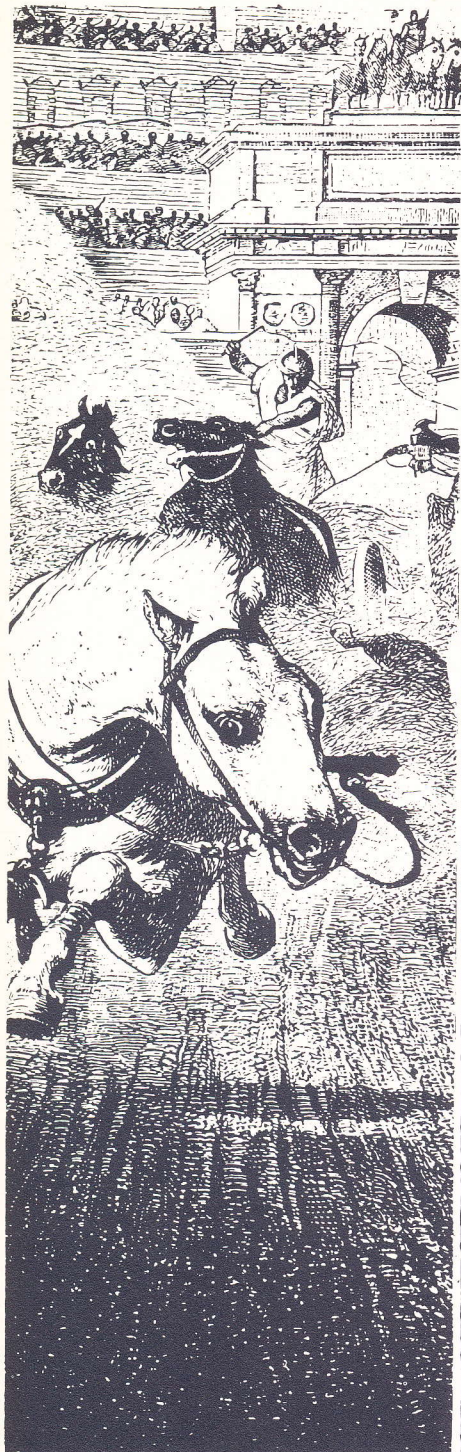
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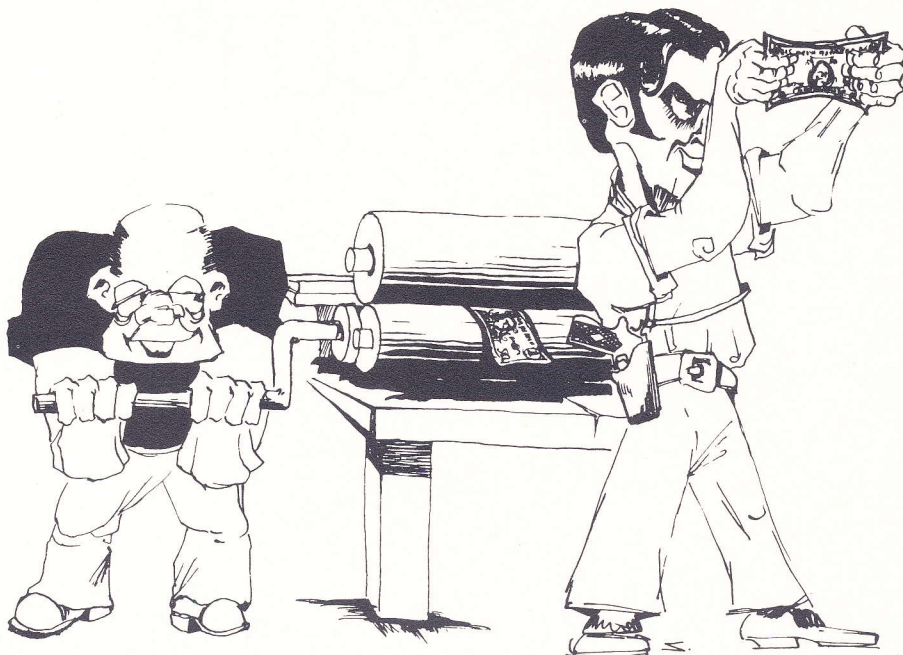
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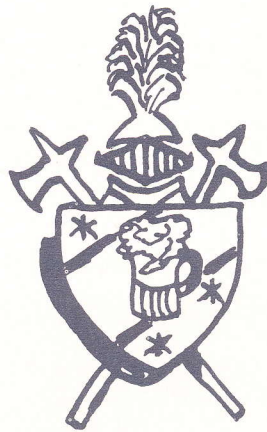
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The Round Table

He boarded the bus and found only one seat empty, and that next to a rather undesirable character. But he was tired, so he took it. In not too long a while he became aware of a vile stench emanating from his companion. "Good God," he broke the silence at last, "where in Heaven's name does that stench come from."

His companion did not seem offended. "I'm afraid it's from my work," he offered. "I'm with the circus, and you know the elephants in the parade when they come into town? Well I walk behind them and clean up."

"Wow, that's tough work. They must pay you a lot for it."

"Well, they pay twenty-five cents an hour."

"What? Is that all? Then why don't you give it up and get a white collar job where you can at least keep clean?"

"And give up show business?"



A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she seated herself, an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "One toot, and out you go."



"Mother, can I go out to play?"

"Yes, daughter, but not with little boys; they're too rough."

"But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?"



John Feeble was not a potent man, and he knew it. So did his wife, so she sent him to the doctor.

"Here, John," the doctor said, "these tablets are experimental. They are to be taken before dinner. Don't know if they'll work or not, but it's better than nothing."

That evening, just before dinner, John took two tablets. Ten minutes later he was filled with power, he jumped across the table spilling all the dishes to the floor, grabbed his wife and pleased her more than he had ever been able.

The following afternoon, while out for a stroll, he met the doctor. "How did they work?" he asked.

"Rather well, doctor, rather well."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic. Did anything go wrong?"

"Well, not really, it's just that they won't let us eat in Howard Johnson's anymore."



If the young lady's a dream,
Under eighteen,
And won't,
Don't.



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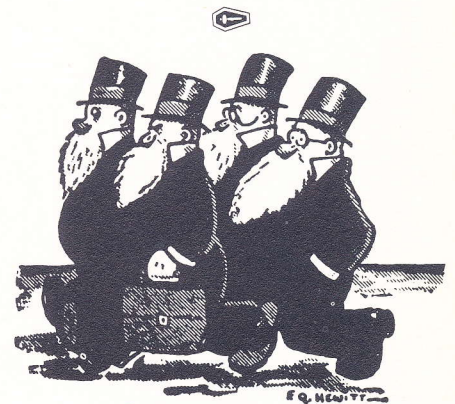
Catty-Corner from Stanford Stadium
Town & Country Village El Camino Real



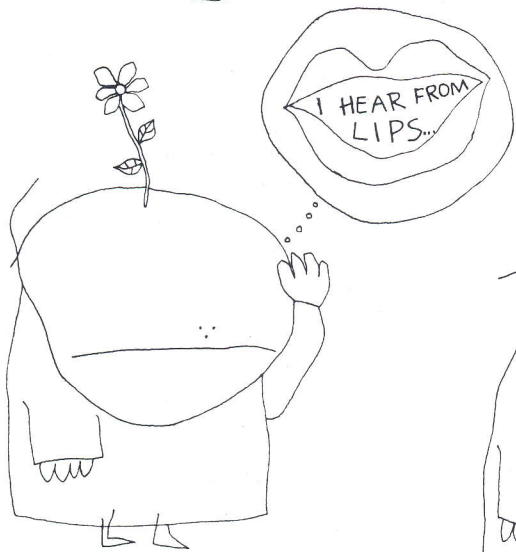
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"The way I see it, Judas was
only exercising his third
person responsibility."





In Love?

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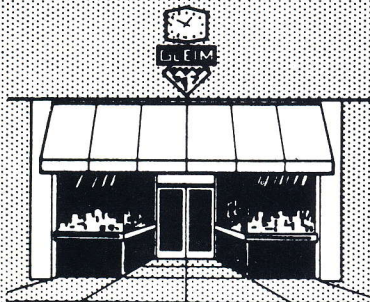
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